

Title: The Daemon Prince

Author: Nas'Rath

My story begins
many moons ago, in a
land such as this but
not quite. I was born
and raised by my
mother, Moria, in the
city of Yew. She was
human, or so I
thought, but then
again I thought the
same of myself during
my younger days.
Mother and I lived
far out in the forest,
as she was a ranger,
and I her burden of
love. She also said we
had to stay in the
forest for I was born
when both Felucca and
Trammel had eclipsed
the sun, a rare sight
indeed, with even
rarer consequences, and
because of this the
townspeople said I
was cursed. I had not
heard, nor seen, my
father during these
days, but on one
dreadful night that
all changed. Mother
was fixing dinner,
while I collected
firewood, until I heard
her scream. I ran as
fast as I could back
to the campsite only
to find mother
crumpled in a heap
before a giant winged
creature with a crown
of pure obsidian upon
his massive head. He
turned to me with
a blood red gaze from
the shadows, smiled,
and addressed me.

"Nas'Rath."

Of course I had no idea who Nas'Rath was at the time, with the belief that my name was Gregorus Winthrop. "Nas'Rath, my son, you have come about quite well"

I merely pointed to myself and shook my head, believing this creature to be quite insane.

"This my come as a shock, my son, but I am your father, Ra'Mord, and this succubus is not your real mother. Come, my child, and walk with me."

I had no other choice out of fear for my own life, and the last glimmer of hope that I could catch him off guard and avenge mother, I walked with him. He told me everything. About how mother was merely ordered to bring about my true nature, and that she had not done as ordered and had to be killed as punishment. Also that I was not human, that I was, in fact, a daemon just as he was. I was abit taken back by these words, but one other thing caught me off guard, that I was indeed the prince of daemons. I was shocked and speechless, barely able to stand. Just the mere thought of it, me, a prince. Ra'Mord sensed these feelings,

and with a sigh,
knelt down to me and
said,

"Child, take these and
I shall be on my
way."

He presented me with
two objects. One a
horned, ruby crown,
the other a
meticulously crafted
scythe of pure ruby. I
placed the crown upon
my head, and took the
scythe in hand as
Ra'Mord turned his
back and began to
walk away. Malicious
thoughts ran rampant
through my mind.
How could he kill the
only thing that ever
loved me and walk off
like this? How could
he claim to be my
father and abandon
me? How could I be a
daemon? With a
slight gleam in my
eye of rage and loss,
I turned, drew the
scythe, and cut my
own father in half. I
stood there, motionless,
looking over the body
of this beast. It was
big, strong, and most
likely not easy to
best in combat. But I
had bested him, I had
avenged mother, and it
felt so good. I felt
alive, as alive as I
was running through
the cold night woods
when I was younger,
as alive as I felt
when mother told me
she loved me, and then
I knew. I knew
everything Ra'Mord
had told me was true,
and I knew that
mother would only
rest peacefully when
all those who had

shunned her and her
child were dead. I
carefully wrapped
mother in a piece of
cloth, and journeyed
through the forest
towards Britain. I
found an abandoned
house, quite nice
actually, though in a
state of disrepair, and
I walked in carrying
mother with me.

There I found a bed,
and laid mother in it.

I said goodbye to
mother for the last
time, then set the
house ablaze, and I
stood there watching
it burn until I felt
that mother was gone.

I walked East, to
Britain, but not
without felling many
of those
self-proclaimed

virtuous heathens. My
task was clear, to
kill and kill again
until every last one
of them had been
slain. I started my
reign of terror in
Skara Brae, then
moved on to Trinsic,
but I did not finish
Trinsic. Out of fear
for their own lives
the townsfolk

organized a mob, and
found me in the
cemetery to the
north-east. I, now
much bigger and
stronger than I had
been as a child, fought
them off to the best
of my ability, but alas
I could not stop that
one sword, that one
katana, from piercing
my skull and leaving
me dead. I remember
nothing of an
afterlife, it was as an
endless sleep devoid of
dreams, just total

darkness. My own thoughts were my company, and the souls of the dead my bread and water. I had been dead for what seemed like centuries before I saw a small glimmer in the darkness, and that glimmer grew and grew, but so did my darkness. I awoke to find an old man leaning over me, cackling madly and screaming out for someone, that is until I slit his throat with my claws and left him for dead. I know nothing of what happened to him, but I, my scythe, and my crown were all intact, save one thing, I was in another body. This body was not my own, for my body was that of a daemon, not of a human. I masqueraded as a human for a time, learning their spells, their culture, their religion, and I hated all of it. I made it quite clear to myself that my method was not good enough, that I needed magic. I joined with the Order of the Ebon Skull, who helped me to realize my true form, the form that you see now, but that ever familiar man with the black wizard's hat offered me something far greater, power and riches beyond my wildest dreams. Thus, I have become the master of this library, and with it, power beyond that of mere mortals. I am now

Nas'Rath, Prince of
the Society of the
Arcane Shadows.